

Sparky -- early 40s

FEMALE -- COMIC

Sparky describes the average day in the life of a housewife.

(Non-stop.) I got up, went to the bathroom, made breakfast, argued with you, threw my cup across the kitchen when you slammed the door as you went out, answered the telephone, Susan's car is broken, so I made the kiddie run, that's the third time this week, then I came back, washed the dishes, then Sparks and Mumsey called about coming to visit -- like you said they would -- then Frieda came over, we drank coffee, talked about her divorce, talked about her lawyer, talked about her alimony, then the bank called and I had to run down there to transfer out of our savings, that's wrong . . . to transfer what was left of our savings to cover your overdraft, then I came back and the phone rang again, it was Safeway telling me our grocery check had bounced, I told them to send it back through and the man said he would if I would bring him over two dollars to cover the redeposit cost, so I drove over to Safeway, I was very embarrassed but I did it anyway because I knew you wouldn't even if you said you would and I'd just have to answer the phone again tomorrow or start shopping somewhere else, then I heard screaming out on the street and I ran out, the Carlson's dog had been run over and nobody knew what to do, so I wrapped him in a towel and put him in the back of our car and drove over to the Vet's, he was dead when I got there and there was blood all over the back seat and there was nobody to help me get him out of the car except a little smart-alek who wanted to know why I brought a dead dog to the Vet's, then I came back here and cleaned the back seat, it's still wet, and the man came to give an estimate on the roof, it'll cost eight hundred and ninety dollars, not including any new spouts or gutters he may have to replace, I told him you'd call him tonight or tomorrow, and Georgia called, she was behind getting ready for the party and wanted to know if I'd do some shopping for her, I said OK, and back I went to Safeway, the groceries for Georgia came to fourteen something and all I had was ten, I asked if they'd take a check and we went through that whole thing again, but I promised and they did, and I took the groceries

to Georgia, Susan was there and her car was still broken so I did the afternoon kiddie run for her, I came back here, Huck and Spike were home but Spike had gotten mad at Huck and locked him out, so Huck went over to Lynch's and got on the telephone and called Spike and told him he was a dirty rat, so Spike came out and hit Huck in the nose, and by this time I was back but Spike had let the door close behind him and locked us all out and my keys were inside here on the counter so we had to break the lock on the garage window and Huck crawled in, and by that time I'd had my fill of one day on this green earth so I told them to make their own supper and I went over to have a drink with Georgia, but Marty was home and they were arguing over how many plates to put out for tonight's party, so I came back over here, closed the garage door, and sat in the car listening to the radio and drinking my martini . . . and it's the best twenty minutes I've had this year. Then I heard you come home, so I came in here and you were standing there shouting about the television . . . and you're lucky I didn't knock your teeth out . . .

SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE by A.R. Gurney, Jr.

Woman -- 40s

FEMALE -- COMIC

A woman questions the feasibility of fencing in the neighborhood.

(Nervously.) Um. I want to make three quick points about this whole business of the fence. (Glances at first card.) Point one. Appearance. I don't like the looks of it. I know we've been having a lot of fires and robberies and terrorism, but I still don't like putting one of those ugly chain fences around the entire neighborhood. Even in the brochure, it looks terribly unattractive. That awful barbed wire. Those ghastly gates. I don't care how much planting or landscaping we do, we are still going to look like a concentration camp. And that's point one. (Next card.) Point two. Inconvenient. The whole thing is going to be terribly inconvenient. I hate the idea of having to get out of the car, to put my I.D. card into those gates just so they'll open and I can get home. And what about deliveries? How do the cleaners, and the milkman, and the eggman get in? The brochure simply doesn't say. (Next card.)